

THE KING AND QUEEN
241

trembling of pain in your
limbs, whose
intensity makes it invisible.

Ila
(*Kneeling.*) I have heard
that you
are a great King. Be
pleased to
grant me my prayer.

King
Rise up, fair maiden. This
earth is
not worthy to be touched by
your
feet. Why do you kneel in the
dust ?
There is nothing that I
cannot grant
you.

Ila
My father has given me to
you* I
beg myself back from your
hands*
You have wealth untold, and
tem-
tories unlimited,—go and
leave me
behind in the dust; there is
nothfaag
that you can want,

King
Is there, indeed, nothing
that I caSe